

This boke called the Lēple of glasse
is in many places amended / and late
diligently impriuted.



4° C. 39 Art. 50. (22)
Salomon 45722

390.



Through costreynt and greuous heynesse
For great thought & highe pensyuenesse
To bedde I went nowe this other night
Whan that Lucina with her pale lyght
Was ioyned last with Phebus in Aquary
Amydde Decembre, whan of January
There be kalendes of the newe yere
And derke Dyana, horned and nothyng clere
Hydde her beames vnder a mysty cloude
Within my bedde for colde I gan me shroude
All desolate for constraint of my wo
The long night walowyng to and fro
Tyll at last o^r I gan take kepe
He dyde oppreue a sodayne deedly slepe
Within the whiche me thought that I was
Bauylshed in spyrite in to a temple of glas
I ne wylt howe ferre in wyldernesse
That founded was all by lyckelynnesse
Nat vpon stele, but on a craggy roche
Lyke yse ifrosen, and as I dyde approche
Agayne the sonne that shone so clere
As any christall, and euer nere and nere
As I came nyghe this grisely dredefull place
I wert astonyed, the lyght so in my face
Began to lmyte so passyng euer in one
On euery parte where that I dyde gone
That I ne might nothyng as I wolde
About me consydre and beholde
The wonders esters for brightnesse of the sonne
Tyll at last certayne skyes donne
With wynde chased and their course ywente

Cem. gl.

a. ii.

Before the stremes of Titan and iblent
So that I myght within and without
Where so I wolde beholde me about
For to report the facyon and manere
Of all this place/that was circuler
In cumpace wyle rounde by intayle wrought
And whan I had longe and well sought
I founde a wycket/and entred in as faste
Into the temple/and myn eyen caste
On every syde/nowe lowe/ and nowe este alofte
And right anone/as I gan walke softe
If I the sothe aright report shall
I sawe depeynted vpon a wall
From Est to west many a fayre pimage
Of sondry louers lyke as they were of age
I set in ordre after they were crewe
With lykely colours wonders fresshe of hewe
And as me thought I saw som syt and som stade
And some knelyng/with bylles in theyr hande
And some with complayne woful and pitious
With dolefull chere/to put to Venus
So as she late fletynge in the see
Upon theyr wo for to haue pice
And fyrt of all I sawe there of Cartage
Dido the quene so goodly of visage
That gan complayne her auenture and caas
Howe he disceyued was of Aeneas
For all his hestes and his othes sworne
And sayd helas that euer she was borne
Whan she sawe/that deed she must be
And next her I sawe the complaynt of Medee

Howe that she falso was of Jason.
And nygh by Venus sawe I syt Atheon
And all the maner howe the boore hym slouthe
For whom she wepte and had pite inoughe

There sawe I also howe that Penelope
For she so long ne myght her lordes se
Was of colour both pale and grene.

And alther next was the frelffe quene
I mean Alcest the noble true wyfe
And for Admete howe she lost her lyfe
And for her trouthe if I shall nat lye
Howe she was turned into a Daysyte

There was Grisildis innocence
And all her mekenesse and patience
There was cke Isoude / and many other mo
And all the tourment and the cruell wo
That she had for Tristram all her lyue
And howe Tysbe her hert dyd ryue
With chylke swerde of syr Pyramus

And all the maner / howe that Theseus
The Minotaure slew amyd the hous
That was for wrynkled by crafte of Dedalus
Whan he was in prison shyt in Crete

And howe that Phillis felt of loue the hete
The great fyre for Demophoon helas
And for his falsoed and for his trespass
Upon the walles depeynt men myght se
Howe she henge vpon a fylberde tre.

And many a story mo than I reken can
Were in the temple. And howe that Paris wan
The fayre Helene the lusty frelffe quene

Tem. gl.

a.iii.

And howe Achilles was for Polycene
I layne unwardly within Troye towne
All this sawe I walkyng vp and downe
There sawe I written eke the hole tale
Howe Phylomene in to a nightyngale
Itourned was / and droigne in to a swalowe
And howe the Sabyns in their maner halowe
The feest of Lucrece / yet in ROME towne
There sawe I also the sorowe of Palamone
That he in prisone felte and all the smert
And howe that he throughe unto his hert
Was hurt inwardly by castyng of an eye
On the fayre freshe / and lusty yong Emelye
And all the stryfe bytweyne hym and his brother
And howe that one fought with that other
Within the groue tyll they by Thescus
Accorded were as Chaucer telleth vs
And furthermore as I gan beholde
I sawe howe Phebus with an arowe of golde
I wounded was throughout his syde
Onely by enuy of the god Cupyde
And howe that Diane unto a laurer tre
Itourned was whan that she dyde fle
And howe that Joue began to chaunge his cope
Onely for loue of the fayre Europe
And in to a bull / whan he dyde her sue
Lyst of his godheed his forme to transmire
And howe that he by transnutacion
The shappe gan take of Amphitron
For Alcmena so passyng was of beaute
So was he hurt for all his deite

With loues darte and myght it nat escape
There sawe I also howe Mars was take
Of Vulcanus and with Venus founde
And with the chaynes invisible bounde
There was also all the poesye
Of hym Mercury and all the Philogye
And how that she for her sapience
Iwedded was to the god of eloquence
And howe the muses lowly dyd obeye
Hye into heuen this lady to conueye
And with theyr songe howe she was magnified
With Jupiter there to be stellified

And vppermore depeynt men myght se
Howe with her ryng the goodly Canace
Of every foule the laydons and the songe
Coude vnderstande as she walked them among
And howe her brother so ofte holpen was
In his myschief by the steede of bras
And farthermore in the temple were
Full many a thousande louers here an there
In sondry wyse redy to complayne
Unto the goddesse of theyr wo and payne
Howe they were hyndred some for enuye
And howe the serpent of false iolousye
Full many a louer hath put abacke
And causcresse on them hath layd a lacke
And some there were that playned on absence
That were exiled and put out of presence
Through wycked tonges and false suspection
Without mercy or any remyssion
And other also theyr seruice spent in wayne

And of theyz lady were nat loued agayne
And also other that for pouerte
Durst in no wyse theyz great aduersite
Discouer ne open/lest they were refused
And some for wantyng also were accused
And also other that loued secretely
And of theyz lady durst aske ne mercy
Lest that she wolde of hym haue dispyte
And some also that put ryght great wyte
On double louers/that loue thyngis newe
Through whose falsenesse hyndred be the true
And some there were/as it is oft sounde
That for theyz lady many a blody wounde
Endured haue/in many a region
Whyle that an other hath had possession
All of his lady/and beareth awaye the frute
Of his labour and of all his sute
An other complayneth of rychesse
Howe he with treasure doth his busynesse
To wynne/agaynst all kynde and right
where as true louers haue no force no myght
And some there were/as maydens yong of age
That playne so with wepyng and with rage
That were coupled agayne all nature
With crooked olde/that may nat long endure
For to perfurnie the lust of loues playe
For it is nat sytynge vnto fresshe May
For to be coupled to olde January
They be so dyuerse/that they must bary
For olde is grutchyng/and malincholous
Alwaye irefull/and eke suspicioous

And youthe entendeth to ioye and lustynesse
To myrthe and playe, and to all gladnesse
Alas that euer it shulde befall
So swete sugre, icoupled with the gall
These yong folke cryed ofte sythe
And prayed Venus, her power for to kythe
Upon this myschefe, and shape remedye
And right anone I herde other crye
With sobbyng teares and pyteous sowne
Before the goddesse by lamentacion
That were constrainyd in their youthe
And in chyldhode, as it is ofte couthe
I entred were, in to religyon
Or they had yeres of discrecyon
That all their lyfe, can nat but complayne
In wyde copes perfection for to fayne
Full couertly, for to couer their smert
And shewe the contrary of their hert
There sawe I many a fayre mayde
That on their stendes, all the wyte layde
And other mo I sawe there in great rage
That were maryed in their tendre age
Without fredome of free election
Where loue hath seldomie dominacyon
For loue at large and at lyberte
Wolde frely chose, and nat with such treace
And other sawe I full ofte wepe and wring
That they in men founde such baryeng
To loue a season, whyle that beautie floureth
And after by disdayne so ungodly louereth
On her, that somtyme he called his lady dere
Tem. of gla.

b

That was to hym so pleasaunt and entere
But lust with fayrnelle is so ouergone
That in their hert trouthe abydethe none
And some also I sawe in teares rayne
And pytuously on god and kynde complayne
That euer he wolde on any creature
So moche beautie passyng by measure
Sette on a woman to gyue occasyon
A man to loue to his confusyon
And namely there where he shall haue no grace
For with a loke forthe by as he dothe pace
Full ofte falleth throughe castynge of an eye
A man is wounded that he must nedes dye
Yet neuer parauenture after he shall her se
Why wyll god do so great cruelte
To any man or els to his creature
To make hym so moche wo endure
For her percase whom he shall in no wyse
Reioyse at any tyme but so forthe in inwyse
Lede his lyfe tyll he be layde in graue
For he ne durst of her no mercy craue
And also parauenture though he durste and wolde
He can nat wytte where he her fynde sholde
I sawe there also and therof had I routhe
That some were hyndred by couetise and slouthe
And some also for their hastynesse
And other also for their rechelesnesse
But at the last as I walked and behelde
Besyde Dalias with her christall shelde
Before the stature of Venus sette on hyght
There kneled a lady in my syght

Before the goddesse / whiche as the sonne
Passeth the sterres in brightness echone
And as Lucifer to voyde the nightes sorowe
In clerenesse passeth early the morowe
And as Maye hath the soueraynte
Of euery moneth in fayrenesse and beaute
And as the rose in swetnesse and odour
Surmounteth floures / & as baume of alllicour
Hath the price / and as the Ruby bright
Of all stones in beaute and in sight
(As it is knowen) hath the regaly
Right so this lady with her goodly epe
And with the stremes of her loke so bright
Surmounteth all through beaute in my sight
That for to tell her great semelynesse
Her womanheed / her port / and her fayrenesse
It was a marueyle / howe euer that nature
Coude in her warkes make a creature
So angelyke / so goodly one to se
So femynine or passyng of beaute
Whose sonnishe heer / brighter than golde wyre
Lyke Phebus beames / shyning in his spyre
The goodlyheed also of her fayre face
So replenished of beaute and of grace
So well endewed by nature / and depaynt
As rose and lyles to guyder were imaynt
So egally by good proportion
That as me thought by myne inspection
I gan marueyle / howe god or werke of kynde
Right of beaute suche a treasure fynde
To gyue her so passyng excellencie

Tem of gla.

b.ij.

For in goodsaythe / through her hye presence
The temple was enlumyned enuyzon
And for to speke of her condycion
She was the best / that might be on lyue
For there was none / that with her might stryue
To speke of beautie / or of gentylnesse
Of womanheed / or of lowlynnesse
Of courtesey / or of goodlyheed
Of speche / of chere / or of semelyheed
Of porce benigne / or of dalyaunce
The best taught thereto of pleasaunce
She was the well eke of honeste
An exemplar and myrrour also was she
Of secretnesse / of trouthe / of faythfulnesse
And to all other / lady and maystresse
To shewe vertue / who so lyst to lere
And so this lady / right humble of her chere
Knelynge I sawe / cladde in grene and whyte
Before Venus / goddesse of all delyte
Enbrouded all with stones and perre
So richely / that ioye it was to se
With sondrie rollis on her garment
For expowne / the trouthe of her entent
To shewe fully / that for her humblenesse
And for her vertue / and her stedfastnesse
That she was rote of all womanly pleasaunce
Therefore her worde / without baryaunce
Enbrouded was / as men might se
De mieulx en mieulx / with stones and perre
This is to saye / that she was so benigne
From better to better / her hert dothe resigne

And all her wyll to Venus the goddesse
She stode at poynt ready to expresse
And her humbly of mercy for to pray
For her dole remedy to puruaye
Gladly she wolde the goddesse shulde attende
Her sorowes all and harmes to amende
And euermore me thought by her chere
To complayne she had right great desyre
For in her hande she helde a lytell bylle
Wherin was writte the some of all her skylle
And all that she wolde to the goddesse shewe
The effecte of whiche foloweth in wordes fewe

C The copy of the supplication.

O Lady Venus mother of Cupide
That all this wold hast in gouernaunce
And the hertes that hauten hye by pryde
Enclynest me kely to thyn obeysaunce
Causer of ioy/releace of penaunce
And with thy stremes canst euery thyng discerne
Through heuenly loue of fyre that is eterne

O blesfull sterre persant and full of lyght
Of beamies gladsom deuoyder of darkenesse
Chief confort after the blacke nyght
To boyde wofull hertes out of theyr heuynesse
Take nowe good heede lady and goddesse
So that my byll may your grace attayne
Redresse to fynde of that I me complayne
Tem. gla. b. iiij.

For I am bounde to thyng that I nolde
frely to chose therelacke I liberte
And so I wante of that myn herte wolde
The body is knyt though my thought be fre
So that I must of necessyte
My hertes lust outwarde contrary
Though we be one the dede must vary

My worshyp saue / I fayle election
Agaynst all right both of god and kynde
There to be knyt vnder subiection
Fro whence both are farre out of mynde
My thought goth forth my body is behynde
For I am here and yonder my remembraunce
Betwene two so hange I in ballaunce

Deuoyde of ioye / of wo I haue plente
What I desyre / that may I nat possede
For that I nolde is redy ay to me
And that I loue / for to sue I dredde
To my desyre contrary is my mede
And thus I stande departed in tweyne
Of wyll and dede ilaced in a cheyne

For though I out brenne with feruent heate
Within my hert I may complayne of colde
And by exesse though I swelte and sweate
Me to complayne I am nat god wote holde
Unto no wyght nor one worde vnfolde
Of all my Payne helas the harde stounde
The hotter that I burne the colder is my woude

For he that hath my hert faithfully
And holle my loue in all honeste
Without chaunge: all be it secretly
All way it must ikept and couered be
Wherfore lady Venus enclyne I pray the
Unto the effect and complaynt of my byll
Syth lyfe and deth I put all in thy wyl

¶ And than me thought the goddes dyd enclyne
Mekely her heed / and softly gan expresse
That in short tym me her tourment shulde fyne
And howe of hym / for whom all her distresse
She had endured. And of her heuynesse
She shulde haue ioye. And of her purgatory
Be holpen soone / and so lyue forth in glory

And sayd daughter: for the sad trouth
The faithfull meanyng and innocencie
That planted be / without any slouth
In your persone / deuoyde of all offence
So haue atteyned to our audience
That with our grace ye shalbe well releued
I you behote / of all that hath you greued

And for that ye be euer of one entent
Without chaunge or mutabilite
And in your paynes be so pacient
To take lowly your aduersite
And that so longe through the cruelte
Of olde Saturne my father vnfortuned
Ye shall of me be well rewarded

And thynke therfore within a lytell whyle
It shall awage and ouerpasse soone
For men by leyser passe many a myle
And ofte after a drepyng mone
The weder clereth : and whan the stome is done
The sonne shyneth in his sphere bryght
And ioye waketh / whan wo is put to flyght

Rememb're howe never yet no wyght
He came to worshyp without debate
And folkes also reioyce more of lyght
That with darkenesse were wrapped and wate
No mannes chaunce is alway fortunate
He no wyght preyseth of sugre the swetnesse
But they before haue tasted bytternesse

Grisilde was assayed at the full
That tourned after to encrease of her ioye
Penelope became eke for sorowes dull
For that her lord abode so long at Troye
Also the tourment there coude no man accoye
Of Dorigene, floure of all Britayne
Thus euer ioye is finall ende of Payne

And trusteth this for conclusion
The ende of sorowe is ioye / boyde of drede
For holy sayntes through theyz passion
Haue heuen wonne to theyz souerayne mede
And plente gladly foloweth after nedē
And my daughter after your greuaunce
I you behote ye shall haue full pleasaunce

For euer of loue the maner and the gyse
Is for to hurte his seruaunt and to wounde
And whan he hath icaught them his empysse
He can in loye make them to habounde
And sithe that ye haue in my lace be bounde.
Without grutchyng or rebellyon
Ye must of right haue consolacion.

This is to saye doute it neuer a dell
That ye shall haue full possesyon
Of hym that ye nowe cherishe so well
In honest maner without transgressyon
Bycause I knowe your entencyon
Is truely sette in partie and in all
To loue hym best and moost in speciaill.

For he that ye haue chosen you to serue
Shalbe to you such as ye desyre
Without chaunge tully tyll he sterue
So with my vronde I haue hym sette a fyre
And with my grace I shall hym so enspyre
That he in hert shalbe right at your wyll
Whether ye lyst to saue hym or to spyll.

For vnto you I shall his hert so lowe
Without spotte of any doublenesse
That he ne shall escape from the bowe
Thoughe that he wolde by vntedfastnesse
I meane Cupyde shall hym so distresse
Unto your hande with the arowe of golde
That he ne shall escape thoughe he wolde.

And sithe ye lyst / of pyte and of grace
In vertue onely his youthe to cherishe
I shall by aspecte of my benigne face
Make hym to shewe euery synne and byce
So that he shall haue no maner spyce
In his courage to loue thynges newe
He shall to you so playne be founde and trewe.

The authour.

And whan this goodly lady freshshe of hewe
Humble and benigne / of trouthe croppe & rote
Conceyued had / howe Venus gan to rewe
On her payne playnly to do bote
To chaunge her bytter ones in to swote
She fell on knees of highe deuocyon
And in this wyle began her orison.

Hyghest of hye / quene and Empresse
Goddesse of loue / of good yet the best
That throughe your beaute / without byce
Somtyme conquered the apple at the fest
That Jupiter / throughe his hye request
To all the goddes aboue celestyall
Made in his paleys moost impetyall.

To you my lady / vpholder of my lyfe
Mekely I thanke / so as I maye suffyse
That ye lyst nowe with hert ententyfe
So graciously for me to deuyse
That whyle I lyue / with humble sacrificyse
Upon your auters / your feest yere by yere
I shall encence caste in to the fyre.

For of your grace I am full reconcyled
From every trouble vnto ioye and ease
That sorowes all be from me expyled
Sytthe ye my lady lyt to appease
My paynes olde/ and fully my disease
Unto gladnesse so sodaynly to tourne.
Hauyng no cause from hens forthe to mourne.

For sythen ye so mekely lyt to daunt
To my seruyce hym/ that I loue best
And of your bounte so graciously to graunt
That he ne shall vary/ though hym lyt
Wherof my hert is fully brought to rest
For nowe and euer/ O lady myne benigne
That hert and wyl/ I holly to you resigne.

Thankyng you with all my full hert
That of your grace and visytacion
So humbly lyt hym to conuert
Fully in to my subiectiton
Without chaung or transmutacion
Unto his last. Frowe laude and reuerence
Be euer to your name and excellencie.

This all and some/ and chefe of my request
And hole substance of all my hole entent
You thankyng/ of your graunt and hest
Bothe nowe and euer/ that ye me grace sent
To conquerre hym/ that never shall repent
Me for to serue/ and humbly for to please
As synall treasure of my hertes ease.

And than anone Venus caste adowne
In to her lappe / braunches whyte and grene
Of hauthorne / that went enuyzone
About her heed / that ioye was to sene
And badde her kepe them honestly and clene
Whiche shulde nat fade / ne never were olde
If she her byddyng kepe / as she hath tolde.

And as these bowes bothe fayre and swete
Solewe the effect / that they do specifye
This to saye / bothe in colde and hete
Be ye of one hert / and of one fantasye
As are these leaues / whiche maye nat dye
By no duresse of stormes that ben kene
No more in wynter / than in somer grene.

Right so by ensample for wele or wo
For ioye / tourment or for aduersite
Whether so fortune / fauour or els fo
For pouerte / richesse / or prosperyte
That ye your hert kepe in one degré
To loue hym best / for nothyng that ye fayne
Whom I haue boüde so lowe vnder your chapns

And with that worde / the goddesse shoke her heed
And was in peace / and spake as than no more
And therwith all feminynce of dzedre
Me thought the lady to sighe gan full sore
And sayd agayne / lady / that mayest restore
Hertes to ioye / from their aduersyte
To do your wyll better & better after my gte.

Thus euer slepyng dremyng as I lay
Within the temple me thought I say
Great preace of folke with murmure wonderfull
Who croude and shoue the temple was so full
Eueriche full busye in his owne cause
That I ne maye shortly in a clause
Discryue all the rytes / and the guyse
And eke I want connyng to deuyse
Howe some there were / w golde / encēce / & mylke
And some with floures swete / and softe as sylke
And some with sparowes / and doues white
That for to offre gan them desypte
Unto the goddesse with sighe and prayer
Them to release of that they most desypte
And shortly this thyng to conclude
So great and huge was the multytude
That I was fayne out of the preace to go
And as I was alone with me no mo
Wu hyn the esters / and gan a whyle tarye
I sawe a man / that walked all solytarye
That as me semed for heupnesse and dole
Hym to complayne / he walked so sole
Without espyeng of any other wyght
And if I shall discryue hym a right
If that he had nat be in heupnesse
We thought he was / to speke of semelynessee
Of shappe / of forme / and also of stature
The most passyng / that euer yet nature
Made in her warkes / and lyke to be a man
And therwithall as I reherce can
Of face and cheere the most gracious

Cem. gla.

To be beloued happy and eurous
But it semed outwarde by his chere
That he complayned for lacke of his desyre
For by hymselfe as he walked vp and downne
I herde hym make a lamentacion
And sayd Helas what thyng may this be
Nowe am I bounde that whilom was fre
And went at large at myn election
Nowe am I caught vnder subiection
For to become a very homagere
To the god of loue where or I came here
Felte in myn hert nought of loues payne
But nowe of newe within his syry chayne
I am embraced so that I may nat stryue
To serue and loue whyle I am on lyue
The goodly fresche in the temple yonder
I sawe right nowe that I had wonder
Howe euer god for to reken all
Myght make a thynge so celestiall
So angel lyke on erthe to appere
For within the stremes of her eyen clere
I am wounded euен to the hert
That fro the deth I may nat astert
And most I meruayle that so sodaynly
I was so yelde to be at her mercy
Whether that she lyst me to lyue or deye
Without more I must her lust obeye
And take mekely my fodeyn auenture
For syth my lyfe my deth and eke my cure
Is in her hande it wyll nothyng auayle
To grutche agayne for of this batayle

The palme is hers/and playne the victory
If I rebelled/honor none/ne glory
I myght in any maner wyse atcheue
Syth I am yelden/how shulde I than preue
To renne awaye I wote it wyll nat be
Though I be lose at large/I may nat fle
O god of loue/howe sharpe is now thyn arowe
Hewe mayst thou now so cruelly and so narowe
Without cause/hurt me and wounde:
And takest no hede my sorowes to founde
But lyke a byrde/that fleeth at her desyre
Tyll sodaynly within the pantyre
She is caught/though late she was at large
A newe tempest for casteth nowe my barge
Rowe up nowe downe/with wynde it is so blowe
So am I tossed/and almost ouerthowre
Far dryuen in darkenesse of many sondry walwe
Helas whan shall this tempest ouerdrawe
To clere the skyes of myn aduersite
The lode sterre I wote I may nat se
It is so hyd with cloudes/that ben blacke
Helas whan wyll this tourment ouerslacke
I can nat wyt/for who is hurt of newe
And bledeth inwarde/tyll he ware pale of hewe
And hath his wounde inwardly fresshe & grene
And it is nat knowen unto the harmes kene
Of myghty Cupide/that can so hertes daunte
That no man in his warre dare hym baunte
To gete a pryce/but onely by mekenesse
For there ne bayleth stye nor sturdynesse
So maye I saye/that with a loke am yold

C.15.

And haue no power to stryue though I wolde
Thus stande I euer betwene lyfe and deth
To loue and serue whyle that I haue breath
In such a place where I dare nat playne
Lyke hym that is in torment and in payne
And knoweth nat to whom to discure
For there as I haue holly set my cure
I dare nat well for drede ne for daungere
And for unknowen tell howe the fyre
Of loues bronde is kendled in my brest
Thus am I mourthered and slayne at the leste
So pypuely within my thought
O lady Venus whom I haue sought
So wylle me nowe what me is best to do
That am distraught with my selfe lo
That I ne wote what way to tourne
Saue by my selfe alone for to mourne
Hangyng in ballaunce betwene hope and drede
Without comforde/remedy/or rede
For Hope byddeth pursue and assayle
And agaynewarde drede answereth naye
And nowe with Hope I am set a losse
But drede and daunger harde and nothyng losse
Haue ouerthowen my trust and put a downe
Fowe at my large nowe fettred in pypoun
Fowe in torment nowe in souerayne glory
Nowe in paradise and nowe in purgatorie
As a man dispeyted in a double werre
Borne vp with hope and than anon daunger
He draweth abacke and sayth It shall nat be
For where as I of myn aduersite

I am bolde somwhyle mercy to requyre
Than cometh dispayre/and begyneth me to lere
A newe lesson/to hope full the contrary
They ben so dypuerse they wyll do me bary
And thus I stande dismayd in a traunce
For whan hope were lyke me to auaunce
For drede I tremble/I dare nat one wodde speke
And if it so be/that I nat out breke
To tell the harmes/that greuen me so sore
But in my selfe encrease them more and more
And to be slayne fully me delyte
Whan of my deth she is nothyng to wyte
For but if she the constrainyt playnely knowe
Howe shulde she euer on my peynes rue
Thus oft tyme with hope I am moued
To tell her all/howe I am greued
And to be hardy/on me for to take
To aske mercy/but drede doth me than awake
And than wanhope answereth me agayne
That better were/that she haue disdayne
To dye at ones/bnkno wen of any wyght
And therwithall byddeth hope anon ryght
Me to be bolde/and praye her of grace
And syth all vertues be portred in her face
It were nat sytting/that pite were behynde
And ryght anon within my selfe I fynde
A newe plee/brought on me with drede
That me so malseth/that I se no spedē
Bycause he sayd/that astonyeth all my blood
I am so symple/and she is so good
Thus hope and drede in me wyll nat ceacc

c.iii.

To plede and stryue my harmes to encrease
But at hardest yet or I be deed
Of my distresse sythe I can no reed
But stande donne styl as any stome
Before the goddesse I wyll me hast anone
And complayne without more sermon
Thoughe dethe be fyne and full conclusyon
Of my request yet I wyll assayle
C And right anone me thought I saye
This wofull man as I haue made memorie
full lowlye entre in to an oratorie
And kneled adowne in full humble wyse
Before the goddesse and gan anone decyse
His pyteous quarell with a dolefull chere
Sayeng right thus as ye shall here.

C The complaynt of the man.

B Edresse of sorowe O Citherea
That with the stremes of thy please at hete
Gladdest the mount of all Cirrea
Where thou hast chosen thy paleys and sete
Whose bright beamies ben wasshen and wete
In the rauer of Glycon the well
Haue nowe pyte of that I shall you tell.

And nat disdayne of your benignyte
My mortall wo O lady myne goddesse
Of grace and bounte and mercyfull pyte
Benignely helpe and to redresse
And though so be I can nat well expresse

The greuous harmes that I fele in my here
Haue never yet the lesse mercy of my smert.

This is to saye, O clere hevyns lyght
That next the sonne settled haue your spere
Sythe ye me hurte / with your dredefull myght
By influence of your beames clere
And that I by your seruyce nowe so dere
As ye me brought in to this maladyp
Be ye gracious and shape a remedy.

For in you holly lyeth helpe of all this care
And knowe best my sorowe and all my payne
For drede of dethe / howe I alas ne dare
Aske mercy ones / ne me complayne
Rowe with your dart so constraine
Without more / or I dye at the leſt
That she maye wytte what is my request.

Howe I nothyng in all this worlde desyre
But for to serue fully to myne ende
That goodly fresshe / so womanly of chere
Without chaunge / while I haue lyfe and mynde
And that ye wolde suche grace sende
Of my seruyce / that she nat disdayne
Sithen her to serue I maye nat me restrayne.

Alas sythe that hope me hath gyuen hardynesse
To loue her best / and never to repent
Whyles that I lyue / with all my busynesse
To drede and serue / though danger never assent

And here vpon ye knowde myn entent
Howe I haue vowed fully in my mynde
Te be her man/though I no mercy synde

For in my hert imprinted is so sore
Her shap/her forme/and all her semelynesse
Her port/her chere/her goodnes more and more
Her womanheed/and eke her gentylnesse
Her trouth/her faith/and her kyndnesse
With all vertues eche set in her degré
There is no lacke/saue onely of pite

Her sad demeanyng/of wyll nat variable
Of luke benigne/and rote of all pleasaunce
And examplayre to all that wyll be stable
Discrete/prudent/of wisedome suffisaunce
Myrrour of wytte/grounde of gouernaunce
A worlde of beaute compassed in her face
Whose persant luke dothrought my hert race

And ouer this/wonder secrete and true
A well of fredome/and right bountious
And euer encreasyng in vertue newe and newe
Of speche goodly and right gracious
Deuoyde of pryde/to poore nat dispitous
And if that I shortly shall nat fayne
Saue vpon mercy nothyng I compayne

What wounder than/though I with dzed
Inly suprysed for to aske grace
Of her/that is quene of womanheed

For well I wote in so hyghe a place
It wyll nat be, therfore I ouerpase
And take lowly what wo I endure
Tyll she of pyte me take to her cure.

But one auowe playnly here I make
That wheder so be, she do me lyue or dey
I wyll nat grudge, but humbly it take
And thanke god, and wyllingly obey
For by my trouthe, my hert shall neuer reney
For lyfe ne deth, mercy ne daungere
Of wyll and thought, to be at her despze.

To be as trewe as cuer was Anthonius
To Cleopatre, whyle hym lasted brethe
Or unto Thys be yonge Pyramus
That was faithfull founde, tyll the deputed deth
Right so shall I, tyll Atropos me flethe
For wele or wo, her faythfull man be founde
Unto my last, lyke as my hert is bounde.

To loue as well as dyde Achylles
Unto his last, the fayre Polixene
Or as the great famous Hercules
For Deianyre, that felte the shote kene
Right so shall I saye cuyn as I mene
Whyle that I lyue, her bothe brede and serue
For lacke of mercy, though he she do me sterue,

Nowe lady Venus, to whom nothyng unknowe
Is in the worlde, ne nought maye be
Tem. gla.

For there nyȝ thyng neyther hye ne lowe
May be concealed fro m̄ your p̄yuete
Fro whom my meanyng is nat nowe secre
But wytte fully, that myn entent is true
And lyke my trouthe nowe on my Payne rue

For more of grace than of presumpcion
I aske mercy, and nothyng of dute
Of lowly humblenesse without transgression
That ye enclyne of your benignyte
Your audience vnto my humilitē
To graunt me it, for whiche I cleape and call
Some day releace of my paynes all

And syth ye haue the guerdon and the mede
Of all louers playnly in your hande
Rowe of grace and pite take ye hede
Of my distresse, that am vnder your bande
So lowly bounde, as ye well vnderstande
In that place, where I toke fyrt my wounde
Of pite suffre ye my helthe may be founde

That lyke as she hurt me with a syght
Byght so with helth lette me her sustene
And as the stremes of her eyen bryght
Somtyme my hert, with wōudē sharpe & kene
Troughē perced haue, and yet be fresshe & grene
So as she me hurte, let her me succour
Or els certayne I may nat longe endure

For lacke of speche I can say you no more

I haue no mater/but I can nat complayne
My wytte is dull to tell all my sore
A mouthe I haue/and yet for all my Payne
For want of wordes/I maye nat nowe attayne
To tell halfe that dothe my hert greue
Mercy abyding/tyll she me lyst releue.

But this teffecte of my mater fynall
Wich deth or mercy relace for to fynde
For hert/bodys/though lyke lust/and all
With all my reason/and all my full mynde
And fyue wyttes/of one assent I bynde
To her seruyce/without any stryfe
And make her princesse of my deth or lyfe
And nowe I praye of reuth and eke pite
O goodly planet/O lady Venus bryght
That ye your sonne/of his deite
Cupide I meane/that with his dredefull myght
And with his brynde/that is so clere of lyght
Myn hert lyst so to fyze and to marke
As ye me somtyme brennt with a sparke

That lyke wyse/and with the same fyze
She maye by it/as I noote brenne and melte
So that her hert be flammed with desyre
That she maye knowe by feruence/howe I swelte
She wolde me pitie playnly/if she felte
The selfe heate/that doth myn hert embrase
I hope of reuth/she wyll do me grace

The autho^r.

¶ And therwithall Venus/as me thought
¶ Em. of gla.

d.ij.

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Towarde this man full benignely
Can cast her eye lyke as though she roght
Of his disease and sayd full goodly
Wyth it is so that you so humbly
Without grutchyng our hestes lyst obey
Towarde your helpe I wyll anon purvey

And also my sonne Cupide that is so blynde
Shalbe helpynge fully to perfourme
Your holle desyre that nothyng behynde
He shalbe leste so we shall refourme
This pitious coplaynt þ maketh you to mourne
And she for whom ye sozow most in herte
Shall through her mercy releace all your smerte

Whan she seeth tyme through her purveyaunce
Be nat to hasty but suffre all thyng wele
For in abyding through lowly obeyssance
Lyeth full redresse of all that ye nowe fele
And she shalbe as true as any stelle
To you alone by our myght and grace
If ye lyst mekely abyde a lytell space

But vnderstande ye that all her cherisshyng
Shalbe grounded vpon honeste
That no wryght shall by any rehersyng
Dente anys of her in no degre
For neyther mercy reuth nor pite
She shall nat haue ne take of you none hede
Farther than longeth unto her womanheed

Be nat assaynyed of no wylfulness
For dispeyred of this dissolucion
Let reason bridell lust by buclumness
Without grutchyng or rebellyon
For ioye shall folowe all this passyon
For who can suffre tourment and endure
May nat sayle at length to optayne pleasure.

For before all she shall the loue best
So shall I her without offendion
By influence enspyre in her brest
In honest wyle / and full entencion
For to enclyne by clene affection
Her hert holly on the to haue reuthe
Bycause I knowe / that thou meanest treuthe.

Go nowe to her / where she standeth a syde
With humble chere / and put the in her grace
And all before / let hope be thy gyde
And though that drede wolde with the face
It setteth well / but loke that thou arace
Out of thyne hert / wanhope and dispeyse
To her presence or thou haue repeyse.

And mercy first shall thy waye make
And honest meane afore do thy message
To make pyte in her hert awake
And secretnesse to forther thy vyage
With humble porce / to her that is so sage
Shall meanes be / and I my selfe also
Shall the forther / or thy tale be do.

Cem. of gla,

d.ij.

Go forth anone and be of right good chere
For spechelesse nothyng may ye spede
Be good of trust and be nothyng in were
Sytch I my selfe shall helpe in this nede
for at the leest of her goodly heed
She shall to the her audience inclyne
And lowly to her tell thou thy tale fyue

For well thou wottest if I shall nat fayne
Without speche thou mayst no mercy haue
For who that wyll of his pryue payne
Fully be cured his lyfe to helpe and saue
Must mckely out of his herte graue
Discouer his wounde and shewe it to his leche
Or elles dye for defaute of speche

For he that is in myschef and is rekelees
To seche helpe I holde hym a wretche
And she ne may thyn hert brynge in peas
But if thy complaynt to her herte stretche
Woldest thou be cured and wylte no salue fetche
It wyll nat be for no wyght may attayne
To come to blysse if he lyst lyue in payne

Therefore at ones go forth in humble wyse
Before thy lady and lowly knele adowne
And in all trouth thy wordes so deuyse
That she on the haue compassyon
For she that is of so high renoun
In all vertues as quene and souerayne
Of womanheed shall rue vpon thy payne

The autho^r.

¶ And whan the goddesse this lesson had tolde
Aboute me as I gan beholde
Right sore astonyed I stode in a traunce
To se the maner and the countenaunce
And all the chere of this wofull man
That was of hewe deedly pale and wan
With drede supprised in his owne thought
Makynge chere, as though he cared noug^t
Of lyfe ne deth, ne what so hym betyde
So moche feare he had on every syde
To put hym forth, for to tell his Payne
Unto his lady, or else to complayne
What wo he ledde, tourment, and disease
What deedly sorowe his herte dyd sease
For reuth of whiche his woes, I endyte
My penne I fele quake as I wryte
Of hym I had so great compassion
For to reherce his lamentacion
Ye, though I with my selfe stryue
Unneth my connyng may his paynes discryue
Alas to whom shall I for helpe call
Nat to the muses, bycause they ben nere all
Helpe of right in ioye, and nat in wo
And in matters that they delyte also
Wherfore they nyll, as nowe dyrecte my style
Nor me enspyre, alas the harde whyle
I can no further, but to Cheliphon
And to her susters to call helpe vpon
That be goddeses of tourment and of Payne
Nowe let your teares in to myne ynke rayne

With wofull wordes my paper for to blotte
This wofull mater nat to paynt but spotte
To tell the maner of this dredefull man
Upon his complaynt whan he first began
To tell his lady / and howe he gan declare
His hydde sorowes and his yuell face
That his hert constrainyd so sore
The effect of whiche was this without more.

¶Princesse of youth / and floure of gentylnesse
Ensample of vertue / grounde of courtesye
Of beaute rote / quene and eke maistresse
To all women / howe they shall them gye
And sothfast myrrour to exemplifye
The right way of porce and of womanhede
What I shall saye of mercy take ye hede.

Besechyng unto your hygh noblesse
With quakyng hert of my inwarde drede
Of grace and pite / and of ryghtousnesse
Of very reuth to helpen this ned
This is to say / O well of goodlyhede
That I ne recke though ye do me deye
So ye lyst fyrt to here what I seye

The dredefull stroke / the great force and myght
Of Cupide / ayenst whom none may rebell
So inwardly throught out my herte right
I perced hath / that I ne may councell
Myn hyd wonnde / ne I ne may appelle
Unto no greater / this myghty god so faste
You to serue hath me bounde unto my laste

My hert and all without stryfe are yolde
For lyfe or deth to your seruice alone
Byght as the goddesse myghty Venus wolde
Before her meekly whan I made my mone
She me constrainyd without chaunge anone
To your seruice and never for to fayne
Whether so euer ye lyst to do me eale or payne

So that I can nothyng but mercy crepe
Of you my lady and chaunge for no newe
That ye lyst goodly before or that I dye
Of very reuth vpon my paynes rewre
For by my trouth if ye my paynes knewe
And what the cause is of myn aduersite
On my disease ye wolde haue pite

For vnto you true and eke secre
I wyll be founde to serue as I best can
And therwithall as lowly in echē degré
To you be alone as euer yet was man
Unto his lady from the tyme I began
And shall so forth withouten any slouth
Whyle that I lyue by god and by my trouth

For I had leuer dye sodaynly
Than you offend in any maner wyse
And suffre paynes inwardē prouely
Than my seruice as nowe ye shulde despice
For I right naught wyll alake in no wyse
But for your seruant ye wolde me accepte
And whan I trespass goodly me correcte

And for to graunt of mercy the prayere
Onely of grace and womanly pite
From day to day that I myght lere
You for to please / and therwithall that ye
Whan I do mys lyft for to teche me
In your seruice / howe that I may amende
From hencesorth / and never you offend

For vnto me it doth inough suffice
That for your man ye wolde me receyue
Fully to be as ye lyste deuyse
And as farforth as my wyttes can conceyue
And therwithall lyke as ye me preue
To be true / to guerdone me of grace
Orclis to punyssh after my trespass

And if so be / that I may nat attayne
Unto your mercy / yet graunt at the leste
In your seruice / for all my wo and payne
That I may dye after my beheste
This is all and some the fyn of my request
Ewyther with mercy your seruant to saue
Or mercyles that I may be begraue

¶ And whan this benigne / of her entent true
Conceyued hath the complainnt of this man
Right as the fresshe ruddy rose newe
Of her colour to waxen she began
Her blood astonyed so from her hert it ran
In to her face / of very semynyte
Throught honest drede abashed was she

And humbly she began her eyen caste
Towarde hym of her benignite
So that no woorde by her lyppes paste
For haste/nor dzedē/mercy/ne pite
For so demeaned she was in honeste
That vnaduyed nothyng fro her sterte
So moche of reason was composed in her herte

Tyll at the last so moche shē dyd abrapd
Whan shē his trouth and meanyng well dyd sele
That vnto hym full goodly thus shē sayd
COf your behest/and your meanyng wele
And your seruyce so faithfull euery dele
Whiche vnto me so lowly nowe ye offre
With all my hert I thanke you for your profre

And for as moche as your entent is set
Onely on vertue/ibylded vnder dzedē
Ye must of right nedes fare the bet
Of your request/and the better spedē
But as for me/I may of womanheed
No farther graunt to you/in myn entent
Than as my lady Venus wyl assent

For shē well knoweth/I am nat at my large
To do right naught/but by her ordynaunce
So am I drownē vnder her dzedefull charge
Her lust to obeye/without variaunce
But for my parte/so it be pleasaunce
Unto the goddesse/for trouth in your emp̄pse
I you accepte fully to my seruyce.

For she my hert hath in subiection
Whiche holly is yours / and never shall repent
In thought nor dede / in myn election
Wytnesse on Venus / that knoweth myn entent
Fully to beye her dome and iugement
So as her lyste dispose and ordayne
Byght as she knoweth the trouth of vs twayne

For vnto th e tyme that Venus lyft prouyde
To shape awaie for our hertes case
Both ye and I mekely must abyde
To take at gre / and nat for our disease
To grutche agrayne / tyll that she lyft appeace
Our hyd wo / so inly that constraineth
From day to day / and our hertes payneth

For in abydyng of wo / and all affraye
Who that can suffre fyndeth remedy
And for the best full oft is made delaye
Or men be healed of theyr malady
Wherfore as Venus lyft the mater gye
Let vs agree / and take all for the best
Tyll her lyft set both our hertes in rest

For she that byndeth / and can constraine
Hertes in one / this fortunate planete
And can releace louers of theyr Payne
To tourne fully theyr bytter vnto swete
Rowe blysshfull goddesse / downe fro thy sterry sete
Us to fortune / cast your sremes shene
Lyke as ye knowe / that we trouth mene

And therwithall as I myn eyen caste
For to perceyue the maner of these twayne
Before the goddesse mekely as they paste
Me thought I sawe with a golden chayne
Venus anone enkraze and constraine
Theyr both hertes in one for to perseuere
Whyle that they lyue, and never to disseuere

Sayeng ryght thus with a benigne cheare
Syph it is so ye be vnder my myght
My wyll is thus that ye my daughter dere
Fully accepte this man as it is ryght
Unto your grace anone here in my lyghe
That euer hath ben so lowly you to serue
It is good skyle your thanke that he deserue

Your honour sauſe and also your womanheed
Hym to cherisſhe it lyteth you ryght well
Sith he is bounde vnder hope and dred
Amyd my chayne that forged is of steele
Ye must of mercy shape that ye ſtele
In you ſome grace of his long ſervyce
And that in haste lyke as I ſhall deuylfe

This is to ſay that ye take heede
Howe he to you moſt faithfull hath ben and true
Of all your ſervantes and nothyng for his mede
Of you he asketh but ye on hym to rive
For he bowed hath to chaunge for no newe
For lyfē ne deth for ioye ne for payne
As to be yours so as ye lyſt ordayne

Cem. gla.

e

Wherfore ye must or clat it were wronge
Unto your grace fully hym receyue
In my presence because he hath so longe
Holly ben yours as ye may conceyue
That from mercy if ye hym weyue
I wyl my selfe recorde cruelte
In your persone and great lacke of pite

Let hym for his trouthe synde trouthe agayne
For longe seruise gher done hym with grace
And let your pite weye downe his payne
For tyme is nowe daunger to arace
Out of your herte and mercy into space
And loue for loue wolde well bese me
To gyve agayne and this I playnly deme

And as for hym I wylbe his borowe
Of lowlyheed and busynessaunce
Howe he shalbe bothe eue and morowe
I will diligente to do his obseruaunce
And euer a wantyng you to do pleasaunce
Wherfore my forme isten and take hede
Fully to obeye as I shall ther cde

And fyrt of all my wyll is that thou be
Faithfull in hert and constant as a wall
True humble meke and therwithall secre
Without chaunge in partie and in all
And for no torment that the may befall
Tempest the nat but euer in stedfastnesse
Rote thy n hert and boyde doublenesse

And farthermore haue in reverence
These women all for thy lady sake
And suffre never that men do them offence
For loue of one but euer undertake
Them to defende whether they slepe or wake
And ay be ready to holde them partye
Agaynst all those that to them haue enuye

Be curteysc ay and lowly of thy speche
To riche and poore Be freisse and well besyng
And euer busynaynes for to leche
All true louers to releace of theyr payns
Sith þ art one And of no wight haue dysdayne
For loue hath power herres to command
And never for cherisshyng the comothe auant

Be lusty eke boyde of all tristesse
And take no thought but euer be iocunde
And nat to pensyse for none heuynesse
And with thy gladnesse let sadnesse ay be founde
Whan wo approcheth let myyth most habunde
As māhode al bech And though thou fele smerte
Let nat to many knowe of thy n hert

And all vertues busely ensue
Vices eschewe for the loue of one
And so no tales thyne hert nat renue
Wordis but wynde that shall soone begone
What euer thou here be donise as any stone
And to answere to soone do nat the delyte
For here she stādeth that all this shall the quyte.

Cōm. of gla,

¶.ii.

And whether thou be absent or in presence
None other beaute let in thyn hert myne
Sith I haue yeue her of beaute excellencie
Aboue all other euer to be thyne
And thynke howe in syre men are wonte to fyne
This pured golde to put it in assay
So to the proue thou arte put in delaye

But tyme shall come thou shalt for thy suffrūce
Be well apayd and take for thy mede
Thy lyues ioye and all thy suffysaunce
So that good hope alwaye thy bridell lede
Let no dispayre hyndre the with drede
But ay thy trust on her mercy grounde
Sith none but he may thy sorowe sounde

Eche houre tynie weke day and yere
Be lyke faithfull and vary nat for lyte
Abide a whyle and than of thy desyre
The tyme nygheth that shall the most delyte
And let no sorowe in thy hert byte
For no deferyng sythe thou for thy mede
Shalt reioyce in peace the flour of womanhede.

Thynke howe she is this worldes sonne & lyght
The sterre of beautie the flour eke of fayrnelle
Bothe croppe and rote and eke the rubye bright
Hertes to glade itroubled with derkenesse
And howe I haue made her thyne hertes epresse
Be gladde therfore to be vnder her bonde
Rowe come nere doughter & take hym by þy honde.

Unto this syn/ that after all these shours
Of his tourment/he may be glad and lyght
Whan by your grace ye take hym to be yours
For euermore anone here in my syght
And eke I wyll also/as it is right
Without more his langour for to lysse
In my presence anone that ye hym lysse

That there may be of all your olde smettes
A full releace vnder ioye assured
And that one locke be of your bothe hertes
Shyt with my keye of goide/so well pured
Onely in signe/that ye haue recured
Your holle desyre/here in this holly place
Within my temple/nowe in the yere of grace

Ye be eternally bounde of assuraunce
The knot is knyt/that may nat be vnbounde
That all the goddes/of this alyaunce
Saturne/Jiue/and Mars/as it is founde
And eke Cupide/that fyrt dyd you wounde
Shall beare recorde/and euer more bewreke
On whiche of you his trouth fyrt breke

So that by aspectes of theyr fyry lokes
Without mercy shall fall the vengeance
For to be rased clene out of my bookes
On whiche of you be founde of variaunce
Therefore at ones set your pleasureance
Fully to be whyle ye haue lyfe and mynde
Of one accorde/vnto your lyues ende

Tem. of gla,

e.iii.

That if the spirite of newe fanglenesse
In any wyse your hertes wolde assayle
To moue or stere to byng in doublenesse
Upon your trouthe to gyue a batayle
Let nat your courage ne your force fayle
For none assaultes you flyten or remeue
For vnassayed no man may trouth preue

For whyte is whyter if it be set by blacke
And swete is sweter after bytternesse
And falshed euer is dryuen and put abacke
Where trouth is roted without fassenesse
Without proue there may be no sekernesse
Of loue or hate and therfore of you two
Shall loue be more for it was bought with wo

And euery thyng is had more in dente
And more of pryce whan it is dere bought
And eke loue standeth more in surete
Whan it is before with Payne wo and thought
Conquered than fyrt whan it was sought
And euery conquest hath his excellencie
In his pursute as it fyndeth resistence

And so to you more swete and agreeable
Loue shalbe founde I you playnly assure
Without grutchyng if ye be sufferable
Both lowe and meke paciently to endure
Than all at ones I shall do nowe my cure
For newe and euer your hertes so to bynde
That nought but deth shall the knot vnynde

Nowe in this mater what shulde I longer dwelle
Come ye attones / and do as I haue sayd
And fyrt my daughter / that are of bountie well
In hert and thought be glad and well apayd
To do hym grace / that shall / and hath obeyd
Your lustes euer / and I wyll for his sake
Of trouthe to you be bounde and vndertake

¶ And so forth in presence as they dyd stande
Before the goddesse / this lady fayre and wele
Her humble seruaunt toke goodly by the hande
As he before her mekely dyd knele
And kyssed hym / after fulfyllyng euery dele
From poynt to poynt / in full chyftry wylle
As ye before haue Venus herde deuyse

Thus is this man to ioye and all pleasaunce
From heuynesse / and from his paynes olde
Full reconciled / and hath ful suffisaunce
Of her / that euer ment well and wolde
That in good faith if I tell sholde
The inwarde myrtes that dyd theyr hertes brace
For all my lyfe it were to lytell space

For he hath wonne her / that he loueth best
And she to grace hath take hym of pite
And thus theyr hertes ben both set in rest
Without chaunge or mutabilite
And Venus hath of het benignite
Confirmed all / what shall I longer tary
These twayne in one and neuer to vary

That feyoye in the temple about
Of this accorde by great solemnitie
Was laude and honour within and without
Gyuen to Venus and to the deite
Of god Cupide so that Calliope
And all her systerne in theyr armonye
With theyr swete songes the goddesse magnifype

And all at ones with notes loude and sharpe
They dyd her honour and reuerence
And Orpheus among them with his harpe
Gan strynges touche with his diligence
And Amphion that hath suche excellencie
Of musike ay dyd his busynesse
To please the quene Venus and goddesse

Onely bycause of the affinite
Betwene these two nat lykely to disseuer
And every louer of hye and lowe degré
Gan Venus praye fro thens forth and euer
That holle of them the loue may perseuer
Withouten ende in suche wyse as they gonne
And more encrease that it of harde was wonne

And the goddes heryng this request
As she that knewe the clene intention
Of both them twayne made a behest
Perpetually by confymacion
Whyle they lyue of one affection
They shall endure there is no more to sayne
That neyther shall haue mater to complayne

So ferfor the euermore in our eternall se
The goddes haue in our presence
fulli deuyled, throughe their deite
And holly conclude by theyr influence
That by theyr myght and iuste prudence
The loue of them by grace and eke fortune
Without chaunge shall euermore contune

Of whiche graunt the temple enyson
Through hys comfort of them that were presens
anon was begon with a melodious sowne
In name of those that trouth in loue ment
A balade newe in full good entente
Before the goddesse with notes loude and clere
Spungyng right thus anon as ye shall here

Cayrest of sterres, that with your persat lyght
And with the cherisshyng of your beames clere
Cause in loue hertes to be lyght
Onely by shynyng of your glad spere
Nowe laude and preye, O lady Venus dere,
Be to your name, that haue without synne
This man fortuned his lady for to wynne

Worthy planete O Esperus so bryght
That wofull hertes canst appease and stete
And euer art ready by your grace and myght
To helpe all those that bye loue so dere
And haue power hertes to set on fyre
Honour to you of all that be here inne
That haue this man his lady made to wynne

O mighty goddes/ day sterre after night
Gladynge the morowe/ whan ye do appere
To boyde derkenesse by freashnesse of your lyght
Onely with twyning of your pleasaunt cheare
To you we thanke louers that ben here
That ye this man and neuer for to twynne
Fortuned haue/ his lady for to wypne.

The authoz.

¶ And with the noylē/ and heuenly melody
That they made in their armory
Throughe out the temple/ for this mannes sake
For the of my slepe alone I dyde a wake
And sore astonyed/ knewe as than no rede
For sodayne chaunge oppressed with drede
Me thought I was cast in a traunce
So clene awaie was than my remembraunce
Of all my dreme/ wherof frette thought and wo
I had in hert/ and nyxt what was to do
For heupnesse that I had lost the syght
Of her/ that I all the long nyght
Had dremed of/ in my aduision
Wherof I made great lamentacion
Bycause I had neuer in my lyfe beforene
Sawe none so fayre/ siche that I was borne
For loue of whom/ so as I can endyce
I purpose here to make and write
A lytell treatysle/ and processe make
In praise of women onely for her sake
Them to commende/ as it is skyll and right
For her goodnesse with all my might
Prayeng to her/ that is so bontuous

So full of vertue/ and so gracious
Of womanheed and metcyfull pyte
This syngle treatise for to take in gre
Cyll I haue leyserset/ vnto her hye renowme
For to expowne my forsaid visyowme
And tell in playne the signifaunce
As it cometh to my remembraunce
So that here after my lady maye it loke
Rowe go thy waye thou lytell rude boke
To her presence/as I the commaunde
And first of all thou me recommaunde
Unto her/ and to her excellencye
And pray to her/ it be none offence
If any woorde in the be my ssaid
Welchyngh her/ she be nat yuell payd
For as her lyst I wyl the este correcete
Whan that her lyketh agaynwaide the dyrecte
I meane that benignie/ and goodly of face
Rowe go thy waye/ and put che in her grace.

C Duodecimi abusiones.

Crex sine sapientia. **E**piscopus sine doctrina.
Dominus sine consilio. **M**ulier sine castitate
Hiles sine probitate. **J**udex sine iustitia.
Dives sine elemosina. **P**opulus sine lege.
Senex sine religione. **S**eruus sine timore.
Pauper superbus. **A**dolescēs sine obediētia.

C Go forthe kyng/ rule the by sappence
By shoppes be able to myniste doctrine

Lord to true counsayle gyue audience
Womanheed to chasite euer enclyne
Knyght let thy dedes worshyp determyne
Be righteous Iuge in sauyng thy name
Byche do almes / lest thou lose blysse with shame.

People obeye your kyng and the lawe
Age be thou ruled by good religion
True seruant be dredefull / & kepe the vnder awe
And thou poore defye presumption
Inobedience to yowth is bitter destruction
Rememb're howe god hath set you so
Than do your part as ye are ordyned to.

¶ Thus endeth the temple of Glasse. Emprinted
at Lodo in fletestrete / in the house of Thos:
mas Berthelet / nere to the Cundite/
at the sygne of Lucrece.

Cum priuilegio.

